CLXIX.

THE Sifters Complaint For the Decay of the GALLANTS.

To the Tune of, *Will Womens Vanities never have End.*

I.

YE Geudly Sifters! have a care
How you theſe Gallants truſt,
A ſadder Tale you ne're did hear,
Then now unfold, I muſt.
It hapned lately that a Fair Maid,
In *London*, would have ſet up her Trade,
But by a Gallant was made a Jade.
Alack what ſhall we do?

II.

She thought him able, to perform
What e're he undertook,
And knew he could do her no harm,
For all his Lofty Look.
She was in hopes to have enough,
But when it came unto the proof,
This Gallant went out like a Candle Snuff.
Alack what ſhall we do?

III.

Firſt at the Tavern, they did move
Their Active Bloods, with Wine.
She ſaw that this would not improve,
Or further her deſign;
With that ſhe Thought if this would not do'it,
They'd have a Dram of Brandy to boot,
The Dev'l's in't then if he come not to't.
Alack what ſhall we do?

IV.

So hand in hand away they went;
To ſee how this would take,
And ſtayd not long for the Event,
Such Courage Brandies make.
For they had not been long at the Platter;
But at him, her Mouth did water,
And he, was eager to be at her.
Alack what ſhall we do?

V.

They had no opportunity,
To play their Loving Game,
But where another Girl did lye,
No matter for her Name.
Who it ſeems did play Bo-peep,
Or, as they call it, ſlept Dog-ſleep;
Becauſe ſhe did their Reckoning keep.
Alack what ſhall we do?

VI.

They did enjoy their wiſht content;
Within the Naked Bed.
But e're her brisk deſire was ſpent,
The Gallant, he, was Dead.
Yet, in an hour, it is well known,
He was but fower times up and down,
If none but ſuch Men ſerve the Town.
Alack what ſhall we do?

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